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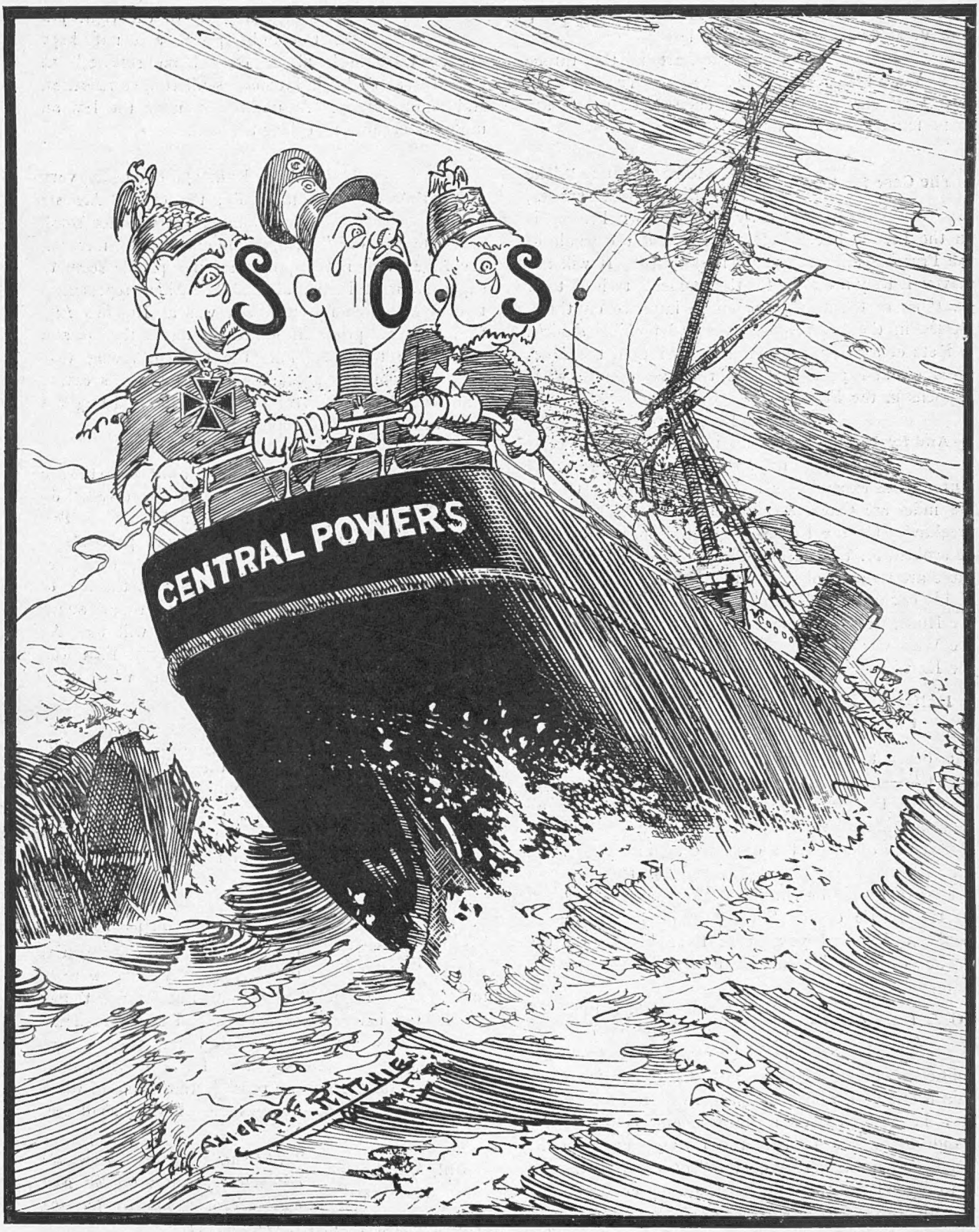
The BYSTANDER



GOING DOWN

Our ship is sure in sore distress,
And there's no reply to our S.O.S.

BYSTANDER WAR COMMENTS

BY THE EDITOR

WEST OR EAST?

The Vital Question

It would seem as if we, like the enemy, are in the throes of a West *versus* East controversy. The question is a vital one, and the most eminent of people are to be found on either side.

The Case for the West—

The Westerners say: "The flower of the German armies, led by all the Crown Princes, is on the French line. Defeat them, and the whole of the Prussian militarist cause is smashed. It will not matter if they are able, for the moment, to hold their positions in the East, or even to improve on them. Defeat in the West spells ruin and possible *débâcle*. A Metz or a Sedan are within possibility if the Allies press on and press on, and then *we* dictate what happens in the East."

—And for the East

The Easterners say: "The attacks in the West, if successful, are only so as the result of a prodigious expenditure of life and material. Only a few miles are taken, and the enemy line is far from breaking. On the Eastern front the enemy line *can* be broken, for there are numerous gaps, and if broken there are no such obstacles to advance into the heart of his country as there are in the West. To smash the Huns, we should content ourselves with 'holding' the West while we pour all our reserve strength into the East."

Half-Measures Useless

Both plans have force. But I don't know a single war in history that has been won by any other tactics than concentrating on the main objective—which is to destroy your enemy's strongest forces in their strongest place. Diversions are all very well if they remain diversions only—or feints or bluffs. To abandon the offensive against your main enemy after having shed hundreds of thousands of lives is to admit *defeat*. The man who would break off the Battle of the Somme in its fourth month would, a hundred years ago, have broken off the Battle of Waterloo in its fourth hour—and lost Europe.

Give Haig All He Asks For

The Somme Battle must go on until it reaches its destined *military* conclusion, and the politician who would cause it to have been fought in vain is one with whom the public will reckon. Were he a humanitarian or a pacifist, one could understand his desire to end the carnage everywhere; but if he is an advocate of the "knock-out," his job is to say "Ditto to Haig" and nothing else, while he provides the said Haig with the needed reserves from all quarters, and now.

Put the Men Where They are Wanted

He needs not only to "comb out" civilians, but also to "comb out" the Army itself and to see that all trained soldiers of the right age and fitness are put to the right job at the right place, and not kept kicking their heels about on "home service," in garrisons, at desks, in kitchens, sculleries, storehouses, stables, or garages. An umbrella is none the less an umbrella because its colour is khaki.

Russia's Job—

As to Rumania, one hears, very naturally, the cry: "Are we to abandon yet another small nation to its fate?" No, *we* are not—"we" meaning the Allies, and not, as some strange people seem to suppose, Great Britain alone. The Allies' representative in Rumania is *Russia;* it was as Russia's Ally that Rumania primarily joined the merry throng, and to Russia, therefore, falls the task of seeing that Rumania does not share the fate of Russia's earlier and kindred *protégé*, Serbia, whom France and England have re-equipped and replaced in the line.

—And When She Will Do It

Russia will, I am glad to believe from information received, "do her bit" for Rumania. But it will be after the lapse of time, and particularly such time as will enable those good old Pripet marshes to dry up. It is round about *Kovel* that the fate of the East will be settled, just as it is round about Bapaume that the fate of the West will be. An invaluable aid to the settlement of both East and West will be provided by the Italians when they finally close upon Trieste.

As in 1815

The real ultimate issue of this war is the fate of Austria-Hungary. Hers are the spoils for which all Europe is really out, Germans and all. When peace is signed I think it will be in Vienna, the ultimate meeting-place, as in 1815, of all the chieftains of Europe.

The Foe Turned Friend

Amusing it would be, would it not, if among the Allied armies marching on Vienna were a million or so former Austrians? But strange things will happen before the end comes. I hear Brusiloff's captives, who surrendered with bands playing, are well and happy, and—spoiling for a fight against *somebody else*. It is even possible that some of them are already having it—somewhere. But we shall see.

Only One Letter Missing

"*The aims of the Allies are adequate reparation for the past and adequate security for the future.*"—Mr. Asquith, October 11.

But there'd have been no need, you know,
For claiming "reparation,"
If we had only, like the foe,
Gone in for "*preparation*"!

(*Continued on page 117*)

Obvious "Make-Up"!

ASQUITH: "M-m-m-yes, it means absolutely nothing, of course!—except that our poor dear friend has got to go through this extraordinarily elaborate and rather degrading exhibition of simulated hostility—from time to time"

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BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

What Will U.S. Do?

As Mr. George has once and for all disposed of the idea of America in the rôle of "mediator," there remain only the usual three possible courses open to Dr. Wilson over the operations of U53. He may sit still and write more Notes and remain too proud to fight; he may fight on the side of the Allies; or—he may fight on the side of the Huns. If he follows, as is probable, the first of the three, we know exactly where we all are, which is as we were before, save that our ships will be potted outside instead of inside the range of our submarine defence schemes. Possibly the Navy will "find a way" in the Atlantic, as in the Channel and the Mediterranean. We leave it to them. But suppose, by chance, America really gets annoyed about the "blockade," whether of herself or of Europe, and decides to end it by becoming a belligerent, either on our side against the Germans or on theirs against us. What exactly would she do in the great war?

Photograph *Swaine*

MAJOR-GENERAL S. S. LONG, C.B.

Whose plans for demobilisation form the subject of an important article in the "Nineteenth Century." General Long was Director-General of Transport at the beginning of the war and remained in that highly important position until the summer of this year, when he was succeeded by Brig.-Gen. Atkins

If She Came In On Our Side

If she decided to come in against Germany, she would, for one thing, join us in rounding-up U boats, which she could do thoroughly, and enjoy, for the sport would appeal as greatly to our kinsmen as to us. She would—who knows?—mobilise quite a numerous expeditionary force for service somewhere in Europe—at America's choice; would weed out Hun influences throughout the States, confiscate Hun property, and generally become a "real United States."

If She Came In for Germany

If America came in against us—which is, fortunately, not quite conceivable—she might make things very uncomfortable by stopping our food and munitions supplies from the States, and actually assisting the U boats in their "blockade" of us. Allied property in the States would then be appropriated, and British influences exterminated, including the remains of the British language, while the U.S. expeditionary force would turn its attention north, and keep the Canadians busy at home.

The Dangers of Tactlessness and Fire-Eating

Without doubt the last of the three courses is what every German would delight to see, and what he certainly never will see unless our Government act with quite criminal tactlessness and overdo any of their legitimate blockade measures, or if our desperate Press indulge in any too stupid gibes or insults. Any kind of serious disturbance of Anglo-American relations during the war, however, should cause those fire-eaters over here of the Maxse species, who speak contemptuously of America and Americans, to think seriously over what would actually happen should America come in, at any time against us.

A GROUP OF PRISONERS AT DOBERITZ

Here prisoners of pretty nearly all the Allied nationalities are collected together in a huge camp; and probably nothing better illustrates the good feeling of the Allies towards each other than the way in which these unfortunate men chum up together, regardless of the difficulties of language. But Christmas is coming, and all alike will feel home-sickness even more at that season than during the rest of the time of their long incarceration. Their hard lot could be much alleviated by the despatch to them of Christmas gifts of all kinds, and it is hoped that a generous supply of such things may be sent to them by those for whom they have been fighting and now suffer the pains of captivity

"War to End War"

A FEW SOPHISTRIES

BY A SOPHIST

MANY moons agone, one Wells (H. G.), soothsayer and scribe, wrote upon the tablets that this war was a war to end war. And we all believed him — yea, verily, all of us, even we who write here in this booke. It was thought by Wells and his brethren that the war, being waged with weapons of Wells's own literary forging, would reveal itself as so horrible a thing that mankind would, after a short taste of it, shake itself free for ever of the accursed thing over the dead bones of those Prussians who, after a careful study of Wells's writings, had got hold of all his best ideas and tried them on the enemy first.

—•••—

NOW nobody—no, not even Wells himself—talks or writes or thinks of this war as a war to end war, for the simple reason that there now remains over all the land hardly a perceptible trace of any of that "horror" of war which Wells and others proved should compel the ending thereof.

—•••—

AS you scan the faces of passers-by, or sitters within the gate, you see many expressions of countenance. You see, on the faces of the soldiery, health and contentment and exceeding good cheer; on the face of the civilian (of over military age) you perceive a lofty and spiritual patriotism in the one of his eyes and an acquisitive greed of gain in the other. On the face of womankind, of "horror" nothing, of contentment a lot, and about her person of clothes but little, but that little exceeding expensive-looking.

—•••—

ON the faces of those very wise men, our King's chosen and exceedingly Privy Councillors, you shall see also a mixture of sublimity and cunning. But on the faces of none of these, not even of the beggar who asks for a banknote at the street corner, do you see any look of anything remotely resembling "horror" or the desire to end (*a*) war in general or (*b*) this war in particular. *Ergo*, if this war was started as a "war to end war," it looks uncommonly like going on as a war to make war a normal state of national existence, and a means for obtaining all those things which may seem good unto one.

—•••—

ALL this by way of preparation for THE POINT. Many, many moons agone—moons and half-moons and harvest moons and honeymoons—before Wells inscribed the lines first quoted upon the tablets, another sage, one of the wisest and by far and away the most Privy of all the King's Councillors, an earl yclept Rosebery, one whose priviness exceeded even the priviness of Grey, lived in some Durdans, beside Epsom, in the County of Surrey, and on a day, after a reading of the taxation proposals (Budget) of one David of Limehouse, sometimes called George, lifted up his voice and said to all the land: "This, even this here, is the END OF ALL THINGS."

—•••—

NOW, the property which David of Limehouse threatened to acquire in that Budget was of a kind that gave hurt only to such as Rosebery, owner of land, and of one Brother Bung, brewer of strong beers. Yet the lifting thereof by David was to be the End of All Things. What would the hermit earl have said had he been told by Wells or other soothsayers that before six years had passed the same David would appropriate to the service of the State some six millions of human bodies, hundreds upon hundreds of factories, wharves, depots, and buildings of all kind, hotels, clubs, fields, woods, commons. That he would have stopped altogether the sale of liquors, save for a couple of hours at midday and three at eventide; that he would have held up the motorist, his use of petrol, and downed the lights of even the humblest cottager in the land lest a passing Zepp. got sight of even a farthing rushlight; that he would have cornered the wheat market; that, on any morning, the simple traveller by train might be seized and held up in a terminus shed to explain why he wore the clothes of the civilian and not of the soldier; and lastly, that it should be an offence, liable to punishment by imprisonment, to parade the possession of—list, O shade of the Rosebery that was!—of a NONCONFORMIST CONSCIENCE.

—•••—

WHAT, O Archibald Philip! would you have said to such soothsayings as these? What did you say? Well, just simply that it was splendid, because, forsooth, it was all done in the name of winning a war that David and his friends had entered into on behalf of the cause of liberty and property and conscience against the forces of Prussian militarism. You and brother Bung, and all the other property owners, acquiesced in any and everything done by David, provided always it was labelled "War Service."

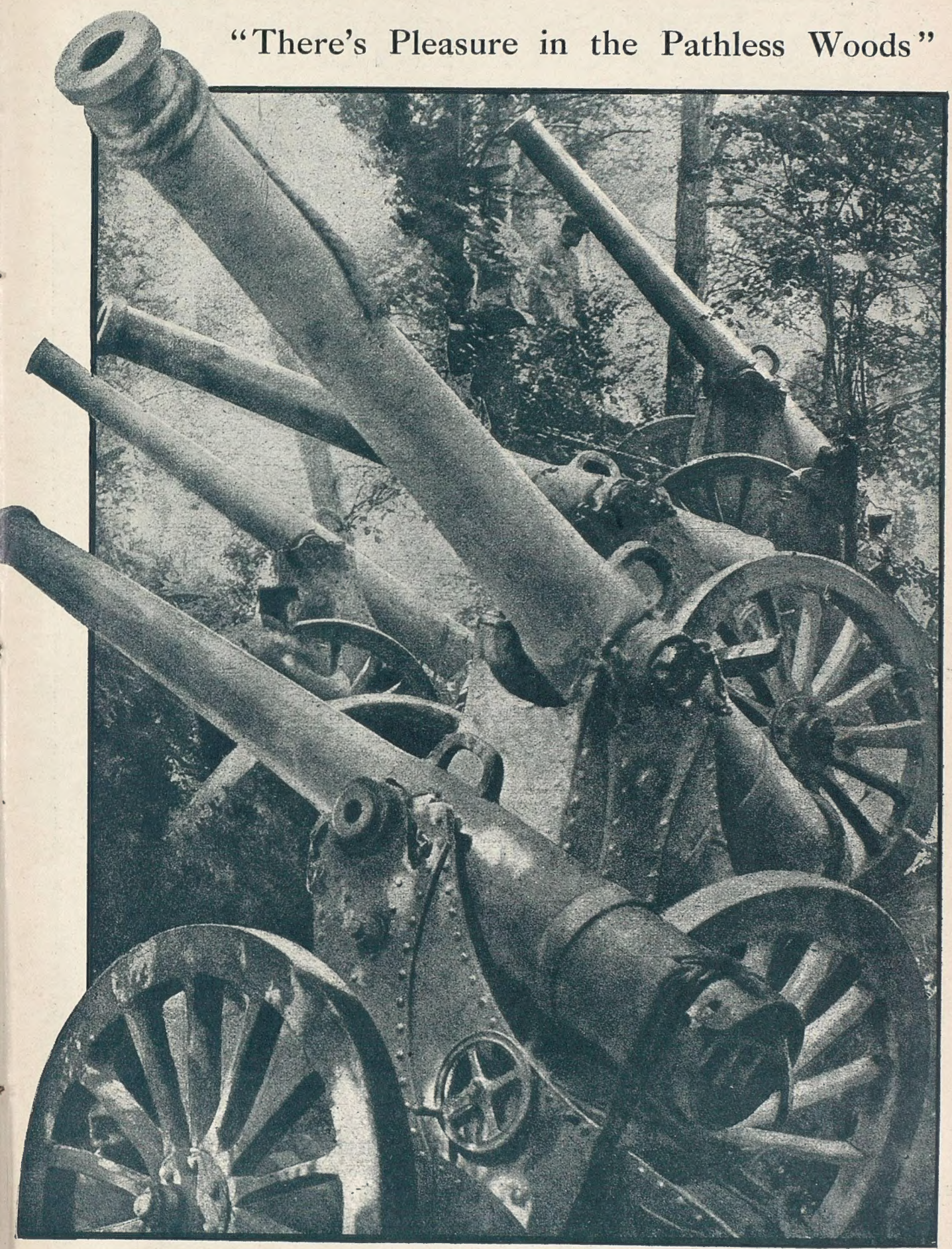
—•••—

NOW my moral is just this: that if owners of property can, at the magic mention of the mere word "War," be induced to part with any and everything that is theirs, the word "War" will possess anything but a horrible sound in the ears of the proletariat of to-morrow, and their attendant demagogues. To their listening grandchicks, the retired confiscators will tell wondrous tales of the things they begged, borrowed, and stole while the boys were away smashing the Huns. And will not the little proletarians say: "Oh, grandad, do get them to start another war, 'cos there's lots of other things you might then be able to pinch for us, which nobody would mind your pinching, 'cos it'd be all for King and Country."

— ••• —

NO, war is far too helpful an agency in the appropriation of property to have any horrors for the proletariat of to-morrow, and I think, when the Huns have been properly smashed, that there will be quite a large number of people on the look-out for the next quarrel, and that England instead as of yore being populated mostly by fools will be populated half by Alexanders seeking new worlds to conquer and half by Sykeses seeking new cribs to crack.

"There's Pleasure in the Pathless Woods"



—There are also other things—at any rate in the woods of France. This photograph of a battery of big guns, their muzzles dumb but menacing, is reproduced from the pages of "J'ai Vu" by the courtesy of its editor, and affords a poignant picture of the contrast between the works of man and Nature

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM "BLANCHE"

LONDON, *October* 16, 1916.

DEAR COUSIN—

SUCH things as seasons don't happen, I know, in wartime, but all the same, really I don't think I ever saw many more people than there are in London now. And there's certainly no lack of the usual autumn season fixtures of the public kind. New plays, new frocks, *mannequin* parades of the most emotional at all the best shops and dressmakers', new books—poetry in reams; a Wells's war-novel, full of ideas and originalities; Mr. George Moore's daring Scriptural effort, "The Brook Kerith," so George-Mooreishly impertinent and withal literary that even the Bishops, deeming discretion the better part, haven't deigned to damn it; Mr. Masefield making an epic of the tragedy of Gallipoli; and Mr. Gilbert Cannan's brilliant and delightful pen dealing, in "Mendel," with Bohemianism in London.

"'The Kaiser's Own'—German born but naturalised"

⁂ ⁂

CHARITY matinées are starting once again, and flag-days—an "Our Day" this week. Great opportunity for the unemployed—I believe there were 13,000 women selling in the streets at the last one, though flag-selling isn't what it was, of course, since so many young women have been discovered to be making a little bit on their own over it. But perhaps the Zepp. souvenirs they're selling, bits of wire from the Cuffley one, will buck this one up. We *shall* feel we're getting something for our money besides the cheering glow of reflecting that one's penny has gone to help the indigent Transylvanians or the distressed donkeymen in Upper Bessarabia.

⁂ ⁂

AND new shows—a perfectly delightful one at the Royal Academy, where the great decorative artists John and Sims, and Greiffenhagen and Moira, and Clausen and Rothenstein have been letting themselves go so that you'd hardly know the place. Gone are the dark red walls and the chocolate marble doorways and those dreadful modern relief ceilings, which are just about as far away as they can be from the lovely ones the mediævalists spent lifetimes working on. In their place beautiful great halls, and chapels, and dear little rooms that anyone might live in—all showing what British artists and craftsmen can do even in wartime.

⁂ ⁂

IT'S all delightfully English—a tremendous attraction to me, anyway—with hardly a trace, either, of that awful *art nouveau* which was the rebound from the Victorian atrocities, but really was almost worse. And all goes to prove that the most useful and everyday things can, and must be, beautiful. But, of course, we'll have to pay the price for it—in the beginning, anyway. Teutonic cheapness simply doesn't go with really good design and honest workmanship.

"No more compulsory moustaches"

⁂ ⁂

AND also, in London now, Parliament sitting, the Court at the Palace, an autumn opera season with British artists and the English language; but not, I'm glad to say, British opera. I'm afraid, after a course of Russian and French music, my taste's just a bit too sophisticated for that particular home product, though I expect I shall catch it for my unpatriotism.

⁂ ⁂

THE Palace is opening again, "elaborately redecorated at a cost of several thousands of pounds," with a new revue, *Vanity Fair*. And there's a new theatre *de luxe* with guinea stalls (10*s*. 6*d*. is *too* cheap for wartime), and Gertie Millar and the great George Graves in *Houp-là*. And at the St. James's a play that's advertised as a quite new attraction—"clean, wholesome, British farce! No innuendoes! No vulgarities! No suggestiveness! No bedroom scenes!"

⁂ ⁂

SOUNDS a little depressing, I must say, but no doubt General Smith-Dorrien and the rest will flock to it. Though I confess no Generals *I* know exactly *clamour* to be taken to Maskelyne and Devant's or Madame

(*Continued on page 122*)

Types They Have in the Navy

PASSED BY CENSOR

No. 6.—A CHIP OF THE OLD BLOCK

Known officially as a midshipman, colloquially as a "snottie," by sentimental old ladies as a "midshipmite," and by the sub-lieutenant who happens to be over him as a "—— young ——." Although a boy he has the responsibility of a man, taking charge of boats in all winds and weathers. He thus acquires that power of handling men which is so essential to an efficient naval officer

BY ARTHUR WATTS

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (concluded from page 121)

Tussaud's and places when they come home on leave. But then, of course, it doesn't really matter so much about *them*, does it? The only important thing is "that deliberate temptation should not be placed in the way of our youth." Unfortunately, our youth has rather a way of going and looking for it if it doesn't find it there.

⁂ ⁂

I'M not sure, though, that it wasn't perhaps going a little too far in the paternal care of our soldiermen when the M.O. at a military hospital the other day gently rebuked one of the singers for giving "I'm in love." Said when he was doing his best to keep the woundeds' thoughts clear of such things he wished people wouldn't come along and upset them in this way. But the nurses enjoyed it. As I've said before, no one ever seems to worry about temptations and that sort of thing for our female youth.

⁂ ⁂

BUT we're a great country, aren't we? Could *any* other go to war as we do, I wonder? France can't, beautiful France, with it's million young men, the would-have-been husbands of its daughters, fallen for *la patrie*. Perhaps America could, where, by all accounts, there's never been such a season of terrific gaiety, with everyone prosperous and dollars simply chucked about by the thousands. New York's dance-mad, just as we were the year before the war, when Sophie Chotek, Archduchess of Austria—whose murder started all the trouble—came to London to be taught to dance the tango.

"Flag selling isn't what it was—"

⁂ ⁂

OF course, we still dance here, in all the public places—at the Savoy and Prince's, at Ciro's, and at all those clubs and teashops and restaurants where foregather the chorus-girls. And though there's every now and again a slight falling-off, there isn't ever any *serious* lack of men at these places. Youthful khaki's dearest delight, after weeks and months over there, is to foxtrot over here. And, after all, dancing isn't only—dancing. It's the very best way of all, I suppose, to make up quickly and variedly for all the lost, embraceless time in the trenches.

"A dreadful pitfall for poor dear man"

⁂ ⁂

NO one can say that in the modern dance we keep a too frightfully formal distance from each other. There are always, too, the thousands still training, who sometimes get some leave, poor dears, from the weary and soul-destroying "Prussianism" of the cadet schools. And the ones on sick leave make up, of course, a goodly multitude, while there are always, too, the great company of indispensables, not to speak of those known as the Wangling Pals' Battalion, who've somehow wangled themselves into some nice soft, safe, and cushy job in "home, sweet home."

⁂ ⁂

MORE talk than ever, by the way, now the House has met, about who is and who isn't going to be "combed" out, and what the authorities are proposing to do about it. Some of the *embusqués* will have to be sifted out, that's certain, if they really want the men, as Sir W. Robertson and others who ought to know say they do. But it seems doubtful now if, after all, they'll rope in unwilling Ireland. When all's said and done, we're a romantic people at bottom, and even if we've got at last a sort of a kind of conscription we still like to *pretend* that every man's fighting just for King and country and not because he was fetched.

⁂ ⁂

REMINDS me, "never had such a nice easy time in my life" is the bulletin sent to his wife by one of those German-born but naturalised ones who now form a whole battalion, familiarly known, I believe, as "The Kaiser's Own," in one of the line regiments, which our chivalrous authorities have decided to keep at home "for garrison duty." So they're sifting them out of everywhere, and drilling them—Prussianising the Prussians, in point of fact—and setting them to work where they can't do any harm.

⁂ ⁂

WHICH, I think, is all for this week, save for a few sartorial details—no more moustaches in the Army, or, anyway, not compulsory ones. On us you never saw such a holocaust of cats and rabbits in your life—let's hope it's going to be a cold winter, for fur's to begin and end us, and we're also to be top-coated. And by night we're again to sport trains with our *décolleté*—a dreadful pitfall for poor dear man, who's only just got used *not* to have to walk delicately.

With love, yours ever,

BLANCHE

After a Well-Earned Rest

Camera Portrait *Lallie Charles*

A delightful portrait of Lady Mary Plunkett, daughter of the Earl of Fingall, who has just returned to her nursing duties after a short holiday

The Bystander in Bucharest

A VIEW OF LIPSCANÜ, THE PRINCIPAL THOROUGHFARE

FOR two years Bucharest has been the gayest city in Europe. But in one night she shed her butterfly's wings, her brilliancy disappeared, and she went out like a snuffed candle. No more do smart officers—in their uniforms of horizon-blue, the same colour as worn by the French—idly parade the Calea Victoriea and meet the exquisitely *chic* Bucharest women at Capsa's, and there over the morning aperitive, or fine Madeira, discuss the gossip of the day. No! Bucharest has ceased to be a gay Paradise.

THE tortuous thoroughfares are almost blockaded by the grey vehicles of war, or with the Red Cross vans, already filled with human wreckage. Serious-faced officers occupy the military motors. No more are they the pedestrians of yesterday, saluting the fair sex, or chatting beside their well-turned-out equipages.

AND the women. On Monday, August 16 (the 29th on the new calendar) they donned their nurse's garb, so like a nun's, and walked into the hospitals and to their allotted places as if they had been doing so for months. For everything was prepared, not only in Bucharest, but everywhere in Roumania. There was no confusion. Roumania is coming into her own. The war which she has anticipated for nearly a thousand years, to liberate four millions of her own countrymen from the cruel Magyar yoke, is now an accomplished reality.

Photograph *Mandy*
CAROL, CROWN PRINCE OF ROUMANIA

THE KING AND QUEEN OF ROUMANIA WITH THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH

THE King and Queen, with the Crown Prince Carol, were acclaimed with great enthusiasm as they drove from the Palace of Cotrecené, their home near Bucharest, to the official palace in the centre of the Capital. It is remarkable how the King and his beautiful Consort have become Roumanians. The people never speak of the King as a Hohenzollern or of the Queen as an Englishwoman. "Our Sovereigns are true Roumanians," say all. Queen Marie has established a hospital of a hundred beds on one flat of the Bucharest Palace, and spends what time she can there when not visiting or overseeing every other such institution in Bucharest. The Princesses Elizabeth and Marie are helping in their mother's hospital. The King has gone to the Army Headquarters, and Prince Carol is attached to the General Headquarters Staff in Bucharest.

THE BYSTANDER IN BUCHAREST (*concluded*)

THE British Legation and Monsieur Take Jonescu's house are the centres for English activities. Lady Barclay, the handsome wife of the British Minister, has diverged from her pre-war work of collecting money for the destitute Serbians and caring for thousands of those sufferers to the now immediate necessities of Bucharest. Madame Take Jonescu—that charming Englishwoman—has also had to change her interests, which up till now have been caring for the British prisoners of war in Bulgaria; and combines with Lady Barclay in being generals of the feminine British Colony. Working parties for the Red Cross and soldiers' wants meet once or twice a week, alternatively at the Legation or at Madame Take Jonescu's.

Photograph *Sarony*

LADY BARCLAY

Wife of Sir George Barclay, K.C.S.I., K.C.M.G., British Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to Roumania

❋

MONSIEUR Take Jonescu, that splendid, kindly Roumanian, with his monocle in his eye, though very busy, yet finds time occasionally to look in on the working women at his beautiful English home in Bucharest and to encourage with cheering words those who are helping his "Bessie"; and his face, beaming with joy, inspires all of us to work the harder. By the way, "Take" is pronounced "Tak-ke"—in Roumanian it is written "Tache." When I asked the famous leader why he wrote it "Take" he replied: "Because, as you know, 'Tache' means 'a spot' in French, therefore I write it 'Take.'" Indeed Monsieur Take Jonescu is no "spot."

❋

MONSIEUR MARGHILOMAN, the leader of the Conservative party, and until the declaration of war the Germanophil Roumanian, has become a true Roumanian, and has given enormously to the Red Cross. But he spends much more of his time than formerly at "Albatross," his beautiful country place, two hours' journey north of Bucharest. There he has the finest racing stud in Southern Europe. Only last May I visited him at "Albatross" and asked him why he didn't send his horses to the English race-courses or to the Olympia. He answered: "It is what I would most like to do, but I do not speak one word of English, and now in Paris they want to turn me out of the clubs, so I may not even send my horses to France for some time." I then told him that I could not understand his pro-German views, to which, with a shrug, he replied: "Our real interests lie with the Central Powers. They have already won the war, and peace will be hastened by Roumania's entrance into the arena against the *Entente*." Then he thought for a minute and added: "About the end of June." I protested vigorously, but now I cannot say: "I told you so, Monsieur Marghiloman," for he has proved himself to be a good loser.

M. TAKE JONESCU AND HIS WIFE

M. Take Jonescu has been, perhaps, the principal factor in the entry of Roumania into the War on the side of the Allies. Mme. Jonescu is an Englishwoman

❋

THE hotels, which for months past have had a certain French notice in their halls, now feel it is hardly necessary any more. Yet still those sage words remain to remind us of our anxieties before war was declared here. For now we can talk of the common enemy. But if too garrulous, we slip in on some pretext just to read the warning, and it really calms our unrestrained vindictiveness when we see "*Taisez-vous! Méfiez-vous! les oreilles ennemies vous écoutent.*"

"ARBIE".

Liaison Letters from John to Jacques

NOTE BY EDITOR.—*The intention of these letters is to clear up to our French friends some of the mysteries of life in "Blighty." Our contributor is well known in Paris, where he has discharged important duties, and is now similarly engaged in London.*

THE "GARDE" BAND: IN THREE PHASES

CHER AMI—

A SUNDAY or two ago London was gifted with an impromptu military pageant. And France provided it. You read, no doubt, a terse announcement in *Le Matin* or *Le Petit Journal* of the fact that the Garde Républicaine Band played on the Horse Guards Parade. It was more than that. Our Horse Guards Parade is inured to glittering pageantry, carefully rehearsed; but it has seldom seen what it saw that sunny autumn morning. Monsieur Le Capitaine Balay and his musicians in their neat blue uniforms were there, paying a graceful compliment, in true French style, to their hosts, the Brigade of Guards. And all London, from Hampstead and Hammersmith, Stepney and Sydenham, came to hear them.

DO not miss, *mon vieux*, the psychology of this thing. We are not easily aroused on a Sunday morning, we Londoners, especially after our "war-work" through an unending week. Besides, on Sunday morning when the sun shines we have our bit of garden (better kept than Brown's) and our Garvin to study critically, with our feet up on another chair. No; it is a big matter that will bring us abroad on unknown adventure after the late Sunday breakfast. But we came in our tens of thousands to Whitehall and the Mall—to see France. And the slumbrous West End was astir and fluttering, gay and light—of France!

NOT one-tenth of those who came saw anything but the prosaic back of the next ahead. Not one-twentieth heard aught but the thin squeals of distant brass or saw (by tip-toeing precariously) the raised arm of a small man in blue with splashes of gold upon him—Monsieur Balay. The haunts at the back of beyond were represented by the hoarse-voiced person who offered us a "*programme-an'-guide-a-penny; programme-an'-guide. . . .*" Our minds jerked back to funerals and coronations and such like festivals which die when war is born. Of war there was no sign. It had disappeared in the shimmering haze of the morning. It came back that night with a Zepp. flaming across the contemptuous heavens; but no matter.

YOUR countrymen, Jacques, were paid a compliment that morning of a very high order. Why? Because this good *bourgeoisie* of London, *et ses environs*, stood mute from twelve till one, a great waste of black coats and white faces, supporting, as it were, the good Ally, the proven pal, somewhere oversea. You see no undue compliment in this? Think! At one o'clock they dispersed (this in itself was a difficult business) to all four points of the compass, to jostle each other in tube and 'bus. Ninety-seven per cent. of the "vast assembly"—as Fleet Street called it next morning—accordingly arrived home in time to be exceedingly late for lunch. The Sunday lunch, *pensez donc*, and it was roast ribs of beef and horse-radish sauce! But it didn't matter for once in a way, don't you know, for they had backed up good old France, even if the potatoes *were* half cold. *Quel stoïcisme!*

I SAW this band of yours again twice subsequently, under very different circumstances. But each time the thrill of fighting France, the thrill that has passed through the body of the watching world, was there. First at the Albert Hall, when *le haut monde* came to listen to them. Here they sat gravely, like a clump of blue cornflowers in the bed of scarlet and gold of the Guards. It was a symbolical occasion. The music of a country tells always the country's history. The massed bands of His Majesty's Brigade of Guards cannot move Frenchmen when it thunders out the "Marseillaise." The Garde Républicaine Band hesitates a little with the mystery of our National Anthem, as if plumbing a deep well where no water is. But, nevertheless, the great dome of the Hall echoed to the *Entente*, and all was as it should be.

THE third time was the most significant of all, *cher ami*, as you will appreciate. It was the morning of departure. Frenchmen were on the march behind the lilting, beckoning music of the *Sambre et Meuse*, like unto which no other marching melody so stirs the blood to arms. Down the narrow highway of the Strand they came, and the Guards played them forward on their way to France. We are not easily moved, we English, at ten o'clock in the morning, just when we are opening unpleasant business letters. But there could not have been a man there that was not tightened up for the moment, braced with the blare of battle.

AND when, in the courtyard of Charing Cross, with the uplifted staffs of the four drum-majors, a sudden silence fell, came then the most dramatic moment of all. We just looked at you in our queer dogged way, and you looked at us and smiled—and the understanding was complete and abiding.

Ton dévoué, JOHN

MORE "FRAGMENTS FROM FRANCE"

Things that Irritate

PASSED BY CENSOR

Private Wm. Jones is not half so annoyed at accidentally falling down the mine crater as he is at hearing two friends murmuring the first verse of "Don't go down the mine, Daddy"

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

Wilhelm's Civil Wars

BY THE BYSTANDER IN GERMANY

GREATER Powers than Britain, France, Russia, Italy, Japan, Belgium, Rumania, Portugal, Servia, and Montenegro are at war with Wilhelm the Wilful. The new belligerents are his own subjects; and the most serious of the civil wars are at Potsdam, the Heart—flatterers even say the Brain—of the Empire. Some of the wars arise from the fact that Wilhelm and his kinsmen, though fathers and uncles of their country, have the normal weaknesses of suburban residents. Pride-and-Property problems daily crop up; and Potsdam, since 1912, when it chose a Socialist deputy, is an unstable, cantankerous township which pollutes its traditional palace servility with impudent and almost intolerable independence.

❋

WILHELM the Wilful just now has (1) a triangular duel with Potsdam Municipality *plus* his own cousin; (2) an ordinary biangular duel with the newborn raging National-Verein; and (3) an exchange of incivilities with Potsdam's suburb, Bornstaedt. The Municipality has meanly taken advantage of the war-cry "All must make sacrifices" by pressing for permission to run its trams over the Old Glienicke Bridge, which connects Potsdam with the hill country to the east. Four times before the war did Potsdam make this demand, and each time the whole Hohenzollern Autocracy stood against it. The trouble is that just at the east of the bridge stands Prince Friedrich Leopold of Prussia's palace. Trams going over bridges make a noise; and good Hohenzollern doctrine declares that the only justifiable noise comes from exploding shells.

❋

POTSDAM Municipality cannot get its trams. A lawyer who manages Prince Friedrich Leopold's trust has unearthed a document dated 1840, not long after Schinkel built the palace; and the document gives the palace-owner all sorts of prohibition rights. Potsdam Municipality appealed to Wilhelm, and Wilhelm appealed to the lawyer; but the lawyer said that under par. 647 of the *Zivilgesetzbuch* he is personally responsible for any depreciation of Friedrich Leopold's property. Now Potsdam has begun an action against the Friedrich Leopold Trust; and Wilhelm the Wilful does not know which ought to win.

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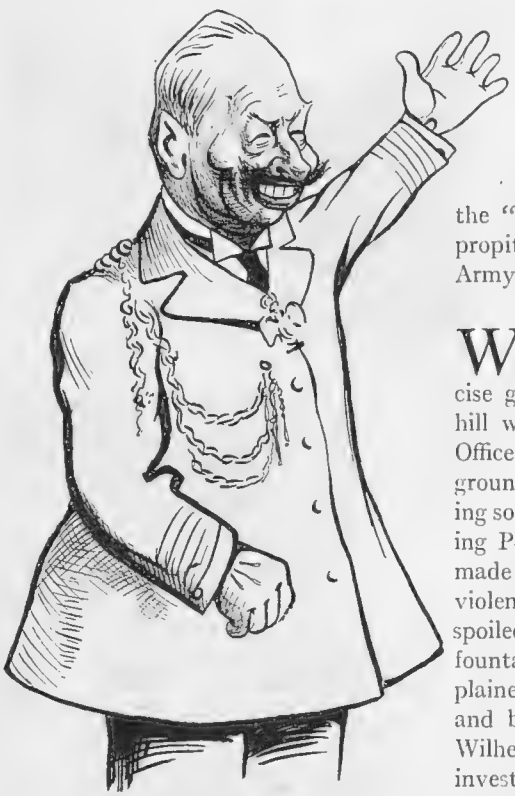
WILHELM'S second internecine war was declared by the National-Verein against "*die russische Kolonie Alexandrowka.*" The "Russian Colony" lies north



WILHELM THE JOYOUS
As depicted by a French artist
(*From "La Baïonnette"*)

of Potsdam, and consists of about twenty two-storied log cabins. They were built a century ago to house the Russian soldier-musicians whom Alexander I. lent to Friedrich Wilhelm III.'s unmusical Army. The Russian bandsmen soon Germanised themselves; but still over their doors are rusty shields with the names in Cyrillic letters "Ivanoff," "Kuznetsoff," and "Lenski"; and there is a chapel in Russian style close by. These Russian demonstrations have incensed the patriotic National Union; and the Union begs Wilhelm to abolish the official title "Russian Colony," to have the name-shields removed, and to transform the "Russian" church into "Bulgarian." (For Ferdinand's use in exile? —ED. BYSTANDER.)

❋

WILHELM the Wilful refused. He sent, through the Municipality, his reason: that there are too many new things in Brandenburg; that he is not going to obliterate "a bit of history;" and that to abolish the name "Russian Colony" would be as absurd as to change "Sans Souci" into "Ohne Sorge." Strange to say, the chief objector is the Socialist Kroessell, who hates Russia fiercely and England only moderately, and who suggests that Wilhelm is at his old game of making friendly eyes at Russia. Kroessell, in fact, hints that Wilhelm's motive is to have the "Russian Colony" intact as a propitiatory offer when the Tsar's Army reaches Potsdam.

❋

WILHELM'S third Potsdam war concerns the Bornstaedt exercise ground, which lies beyond the hill with the fake ruin. The War Office ran up sheds on the exercise ground; brought down guns, including some captured pieces; and, keeping Potsdam's public at a distance, made experiments which produced violent disturbances. The concussion spoiled the mechanism of Sans Souci fountains; and Bornstaedt complained of headaches, gas-poisoning, and broken windows. Last spring Wilhelm sent Count Eulenburg to investigate the complaints; and in August he came himself and inspected, but refused to remedy grievances. Now every dweller in North Potsdam has signed a petition begging Wilhelm to intervene.

❋

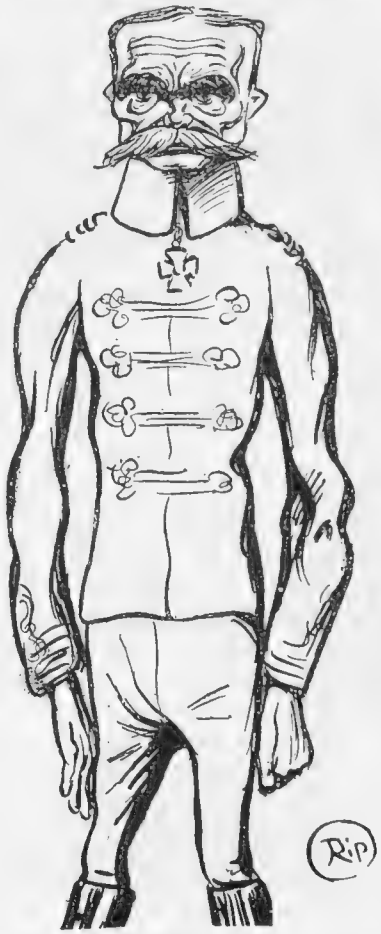
THESE troubles do not worry Wilhelm. When he went to the New Palace gardens after visiting Bornstaedt he gave orders for next summer to his head gardener, Herr Deuchert (who boasts having served at Chatsworth). He ordered the razing of summer-houses and the redecoration of the Temple of Friendship; and generally showed that neither the little wars in France, Russia, and the Balkans nor the big wars in Potsdam and Bornstaedt worry him over much.

Who's Who in Germany

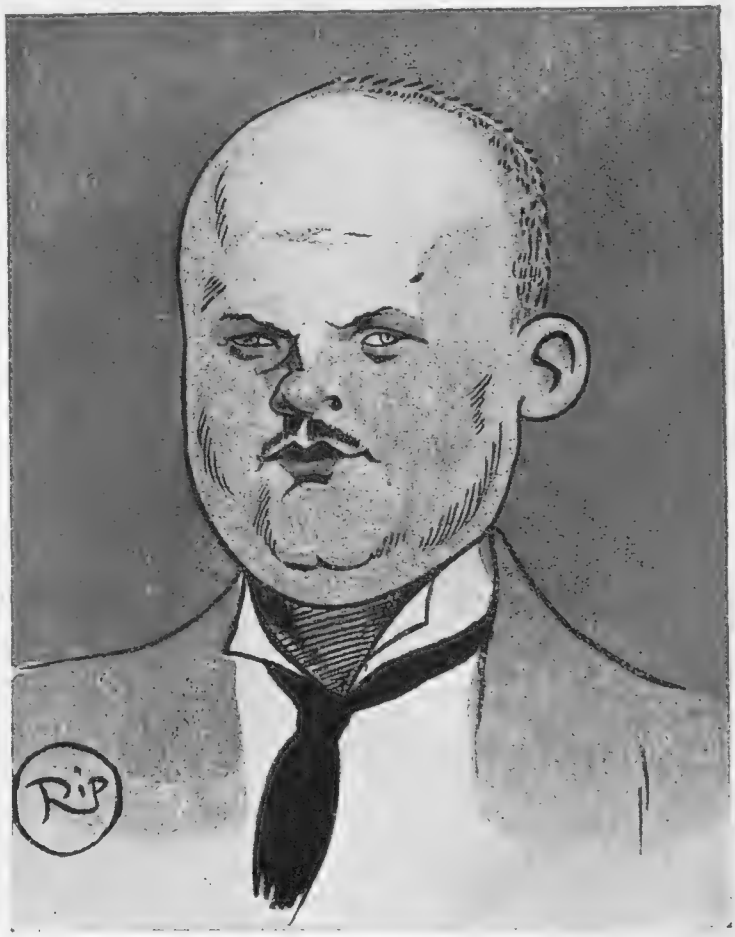
BY A FAMOUS FRENCH CARICATURIST

HELFFERICH, Minister of Finance

BETHMANN-HOLLWEG, Imperial Chancellor



VON MACKENSEN, often temporarily successful in the Eastern Theatre



VON BATOCKI
Food Supplies Dictator.

These clever Cartoons by "Rip" show some of the chief personalities of the German State Departments, civil and military; and are reproduced by the courtesy of the Editor of that bright French paper "La Baïonnette."

The Bystander in Paris

THE MINISTER AND HIS METHODS

MONSIEUR ——. But there we come to a snag directly, because I can't possibly tell you his name. These things are not done. Do you mind if I call him a Frenchman of eminence or a well-known diplomat, or something nice and journalistic like that? Because, you see, if I don't, I dare not tell you the story at all, though I know that if I do you will sniff in unbelief. And we shall have to risk that. "And how, *mon cher ami*," he said, "how is the old complaint?" I looked at him searchingly. His eyelids quivered. "Lord Beaconsfield," said I. And the eminent statesman threw up his hands (the two of us were alone in his big room overlooking the garden — these Ministers do themselves wonderfully well), and exclaimed "*Kamerad!*" "Fact is," he said, "I have mislaid your card. I don't for the moment know whether you are one of my dear colleagues in the Senate or a foreign Ambassador, a constituent, or one of those journalists." I reassured him. "Nice of you to play the game," he said; "some people won't do it."

❋

I NEVER was good at statistics, so I can't tell you off-hand how many French Deputies there are, how many Senators, how many Ambassadors and Ministers, how many High-Munky-Munks of the law, of finance, of the railway world, how many Presidents of how many Chambers of Commerce, how many of all kinds of important official folk, all of whom know Monsieur le Ministre, and all of whom he is supposed to remember by name. I know that by the time he had reeled off a few of them I was helpless with laughter. "If you ever put a word of all this in print," said the great man, "I'll never receive you again." "You'll probably blame somebody else for it when I publish it," I said. He admitted that this was probably true, and I told him I should risk it. "Have you ever attended one of my New Year's Day receptions?" he asked. I had. "Well, there you are," he said; "I never forget a face, and on New Year's Day when I'm in office I usually have to shake hands for several hours with long processions of people of all kinds, in various official positions."

❋

"*Vive la République!*" said I. "All these men know me," groaned M. le Ministre, and any time afterwards when I meet one of them I am expected to know him. Otherwise I make an enemy for life, and politicians have enemies enough as it is without asking for more. The trouble is, I *do* know him, but nine times out of ten it's impossible to label him correctly. It's very awkward to call a man "*Mon Cher Collègue*," only to find out in the course of conversation that he is a clerk in a country post-office who has managed to get through to me, and wants me to use my influence to prevent his daughter from marrying the local apothecary. And, of course, if you ask a man what his initials are he ought to tell you his name as well; but he very often doesn't. He says "P. T.," or something like that, and though I am very popular in La Villette because, in despair of finding out my visitor's surname one day, I called a local butcher "*Mon Cher Monsieur Ulysse*," that doesn't always do. There may be very little difference in the appearance of a successful butcher and that of a President of a Court of Appeal. But the P.C.A. wouldn't like me to call him Ulysse."

❋

I TOLD Monsieur le Ministre a little story which Sir Herbert Tree told me one morning between two and two-fifteen—this being the time a.m. when Sir Herbert has usually told me his best stories. It happened in America. "A very charming woman greeted me at a supper party," Sir Herbert said, "with a beaming smile, an outstretched hand, and the wicked remark: 'I am sure you don't remember me, Sir Herbert.' I said, of course, I did. 'Then what is my name?' she answered. 'I was always brought up to be discreet,' I told her. She blushed a little, and said: 'Oh, Sir Herbert, how wonderful of you to remember after all these years!' It keeps me awake at nights sometimes," he said, "wondering why that charming lady blushed." Something certainly kept him awake that night, for day was breaking when I left him. Terrible hours, these actors keep! The story amused Monsieur —— I mean the eminent French statesman. "Yes," he said, "but I daren't risk that sort of answer myself. I should be asked for a *bureau de tabac* or something immediately.

❋

"AND, besides, the people who worry me by anonymity are usually men. The most uncomfortable time I ever had was one day last week. I was receiving several deputations. They were all important people who had come to see me on matters of importance. I had devoted careful study to the questions each deputation was to submit to me, and my secretary had primed me with the names and objects of each group as it came in; but just before the first deputation came into my room my secretary got his lists of names out of order. I called each man by name, the wrong name—and found the first two deputations curiously unintelligent. It was only when I was half-way through the third deputation that, coming to a man whose name I knew to be Dubois, let us say, calling him Durand by the list, and catching his look of astonishment, I realised that something was very wrong. One of the papers that evening published a cryptic little 'echo,' suggesting that 'for reasons of ill-health there was a possibility that one of the leading members of the Cabinet might retire for a while from public business.' I set things right with a quiet little dinner-party, to which the Press were *not* admitted. I don't think twenty outraged gentlemen ever laughed quite so much as those men did when I explained what really had happened.

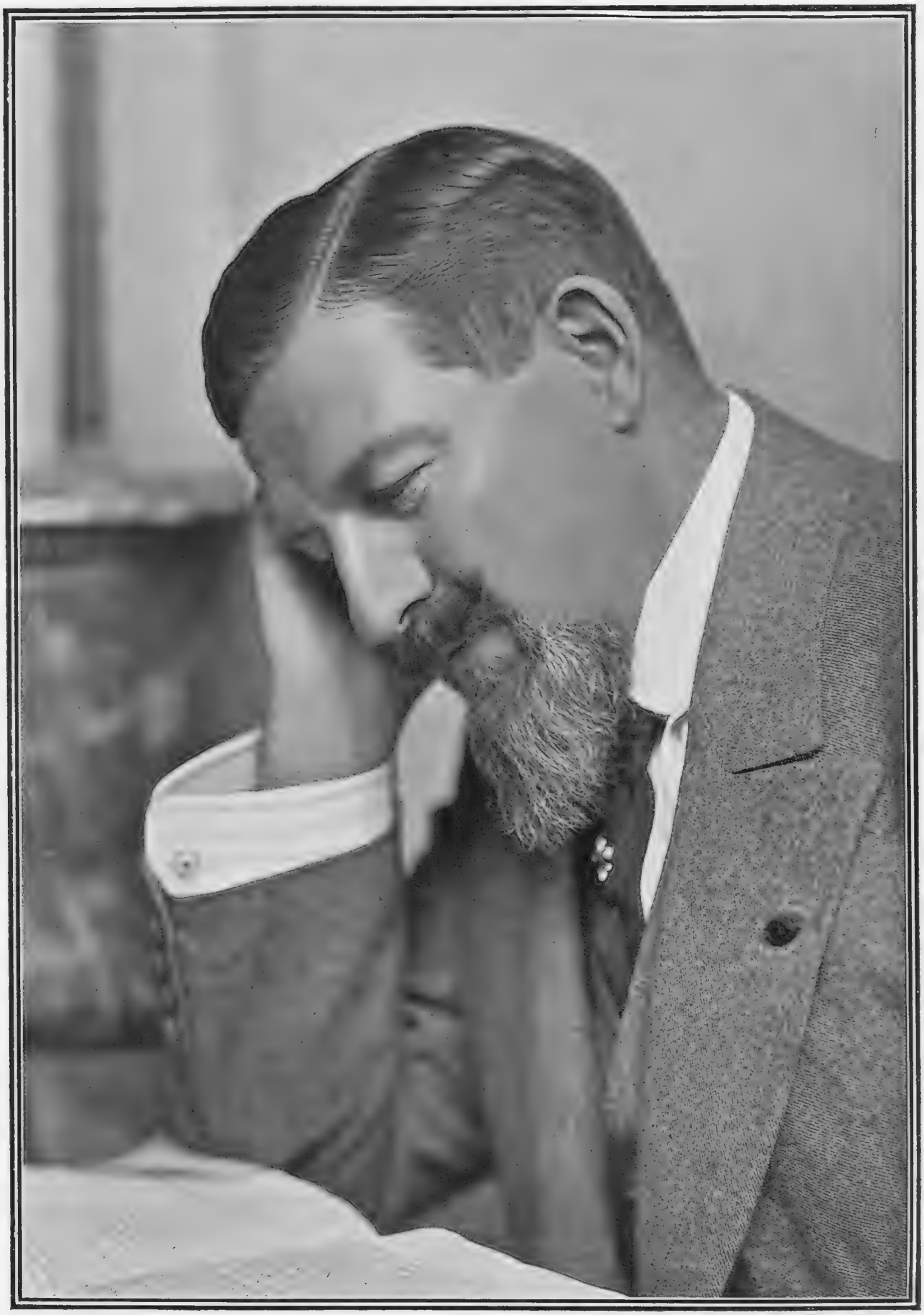
❋

"AND now remember," said Monsieur le Ministre, rising, "if you dare to print a word of all this in *Le* —— er—in *Le Daily* ——er—in the great newspaper which you represent, I shall never forgive or forget it, Monsieur ——er—Monsieur ——." "Ulysse," I said. And I bowed myself out.

JOHN N. RAPHAEL

Awaiting His Call

TO THE COLOURS OF THE COUNTRY OF WHICH HE WOULD BE KING



Camera Portrait MONSEIGNEUR LE DUC D'ORLEANS *E. O. Hoppé*

At present living in England, and awaiting an opportunity of offering his services to the Allies. The Duke passed through Sandhurst in his youth, and for a time served in the K.R.R.; but of late years he has principally devoted himself to scientific exploration all over the world, including several expeditions in the North Polar Regions. He has embodied his experiences and discoveries in several interesting scientific books

Salonica—the Gathering of the Clans

DISEMBARKATION OF FRENCH TROOPS FROM THE TRANSPORTS (SEEN ON THE SKY-LINE)
The landing-place for each company is indicated by a series of flags (of which one is seen in the picture) set up along the shore

NEWLY-LANDED ITALIAN TROOPS MARCHING ALONG THE QUAY OF VICTORY
The soldiers lining the street and keeping the route are Russian; and the crowd is the most cosmopolitan of any city in the world just at present

Macedonia, Junior

APPROVES OF THE PRESENCE OF THE ALLIES

Unperturbed by the War, these children, like children all the world over, gather at the doorway of a house in a Macedonian village, now occupied by the troops of the Allies

Topical Fashions

BY "EFEMERA."

Illustrated by Hill Clarke

Lack of Enterprise

IT seems to me that the designers of our present fashions must be woefully wanting in enterprise. They show quite extraordinary inability to symbolise in our garments, hairdressing, etc., the military events of the day—or, perhaps, since we seem at last, in transatlantic parlance, to be "getting a move on," they despair of their capacity to keep up with the march of progress. Even so, it ought to be possible to celebrate events by suitably chosen attire. It is a resource that in these days of self-advertisement has been unaccountably overlooked.

"Extraordinary inability to symbolise the events of the day"

Coiffure La Submarine

THE lady who in the days of (I think it was) Louis XV. appeared at the French Court with her hair dressed *à la Belle Poule*, not only commemorated an achievement, but drew much complimentary attention to herself. An excellent example, which no lady of the present day, not even in a revue, has so far followed, yet one could imagine a charming mine-sweeping *coiffure:* tempestuous Marcel waves, with over each ear a coquettish trawler, the two united by a jewelled cable. The anti-U-boat net for use on stormy days, with, perhaps, a captive submarine or two stranded in its meshes, would be both appropriate and attractive.

❀ ❀

The "Tank" Hat

MUCH could be done in the way of "Tank" hats—weatherproof, of course, and bristling with hatpins in the semblance of guns. Picture, if you can, the formidable aspect of a stern British matron, determined of manner, cold of eye, her indomitable visage surmounted by a "tank" of steel-grey spangles. Who would not quail before her? Even a Cabinet Minister. . . . And the effect of the same headgear, guns set at a rakish angle, above the face of some pert, sweet young thing? But perhaps it would be too devastating—not that such a consideration would stop any woman. "Frightfulness" in the sentimental line has never been frowned on by the female sex. "Frightfulness," by the by, when applied by women does not mean looking a fright—oh, dear, no! Quite the contrary.

❀ ❀

The Zepp. "Nighty"

IN spite of Zeppelin raids, I have not yet seen the Zepp. "nighty," or, at least, it is not called by that name, though, judging by the display of fascinating garments to be seen in the shops, I am not sure that the prospect of being routed out at unseemly hours has not had its effect on trade. What woman worthy of the name would be willing to appear on the scene, no matter how terrible the raider, or how close his proximity, arrayed in grey flannel and adorned by curlers? Hence the profusion of seductive *crêpe de Chine* garments and flirtatious boudoir caps. No matter how remote from a possible Zeppelin scare, one must be prepared, even if it comes to a question of being "all dressed up and no one to show." But there is always the chance of a spectator turning up, even if it be only

(*Continued on page 136*)

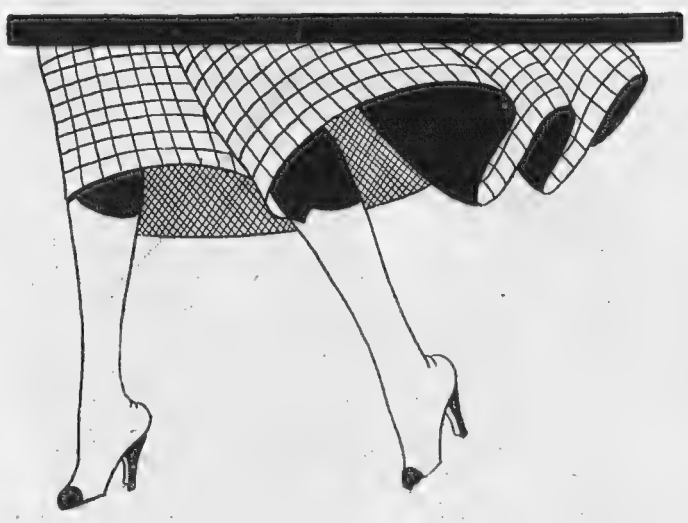
"Hence the profusion of seductive crêpe de Chine garments"

The Height of Impudence

FRITZ (from the basket of Zeppelin): "I say, old man, could you let me have a copper? Our gas is running out!"

TOPICAL FASHIONS (concluded from page 134)

a special constable. It is never safe in these days to go to bed unbecomingly arrayed.



"And leave the ell to the chance revelations of a breezy day"

⁂ ⁂

Apropos of Boots

IT is amazing that as yet no ingenious purveyor has bethought him to push the "*unter see boot*" for use in wet weather, though possibly the lack of success of that German engine of warfare might not appear the best of advertisements. No one wants boots which unaccountably get lost and never, so to speak, appear on the surface again. Reliability is, after all, an excellent thing in a boot.

⁂ ⁂

Stays and the Temper

NO our clothing cannot be called topical. We have even abandoned in the hoop our one unbarbed wire defence; and the ironclad stays with which we were threatened in the spring are conspicuous by their lack of popularity. It may be that women as a tribe have grown more sensible, or else long years of comfort and the "natural" figure have so deadened our sense of coquetry that we lack the courage to sacrifice ease to a trim waist. In either case the community stands to gain, for a twenty-inch waist measure and a shrewish temper often went together. If any man doubt this let him try tight-lacing, and see how long the most amiable of dispositions will stand the strain. Tight-lacing was hard on the furniture, too, as any respectable bedpost of sufficient age could testify.

⁂ ⁂

The Passing of the Crinoline

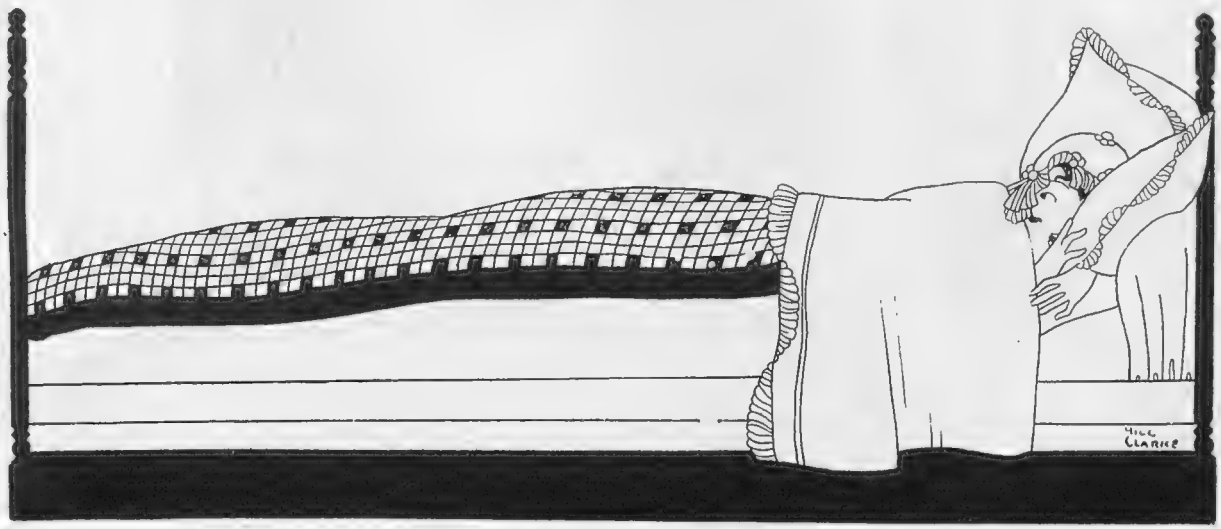
OUR skirts no longer billow, crinoline fashion—at least, on the smart woman. The straight silhouette has come in again. By straight I do not mean skimpy—there is to be no economy in the amount of material employed. The petticoat may still be tempestuous, but must be spontaneously so, not artificially distended. Also, it is conspicuously longer; the ankle is still visible, but the calf has withdrawn into discreet retirement. Not a bad thing, either, for it is poor policy to display overmuch of one's stock-in-trade in the show window. This is not so much a question of modesty as of expediency—the well-worn device of leaving ample food for the imagination will always be successful. Mystery lends enchantment to what one does not view. It is by far the best plan to concede but a beggarly inch or two of stocking and leave the ell to the chance revelations of a breezy day.

⁂ ⁂

The Petticoat Triumphant

AGAIN, apropos of petticoats, it is reported that some fair workers, finding the male nether garment a convenience, cleave to it out of working hours. This has occasioned not a little alarm. Not that there is any real cause for it: the skirt is too valuable an asset to be lightly discarded. It is also, in its way, the badge of feminine independence. The Turkish odalisque, whose trousers are a tradition, is not generally considered the free-est or most advanced example of her sex. For some reason or other, trousers for women seem to spell servitude. Why this should be I cannot say, unless it be a question of length of limb. The shortest and plumpest of women can be dignified in a skirt; but picture her in breeches! Women are much too clever to throw away so useful and well-tried a weapon as the petticoat, particularly in these hard times when men are scarce and every little advantage counts.

EFEMERA



"It is never safe in these days to go to bed unbecomingly arrayed"

Born 1820
—still going strong.

JOHNNIE WALKER: "'Ill blows the wind, that profits nobody.'"
JOVIAL FRIEND: "Yes! He rewards the urchin, catches a cold, and so finds out the efficiency of 'Johnnie Walker.'"

JOHN WALKER & SONS, LTD., SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS, KILMARNOCK, SCOTLAND.

LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS

"Mr. Jubilee Drax" at the Haymarket

BY "JINGLE." ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

THIS is quite an enjoyable play. I gather that at the first performance the management, nursing a mistaken ambition for higher art than usual, arranged the scenes in any old order, so that the story lacked coherence and clearness. All these eccentricities had, however, been forcibly removed on the occasion of my visit, and I found only an exciting story of the most absorbing interest. It is all about a large uncut diamond which has been put on the market through the usual channels of the I.D.B. industry. Mr. Ira P. Blodgett, an American person with the usual fortune of untold millions, wishes to buy the diamond as a present for his wife. He, therefore, engages Mr. Drax to proceed to Constantinople and purchase the gem from a rascally Turkish merchant named Mangassarogli for the sum of ten thousand pounds sterling, no impertinent questions being asked on either side.

❋

THERE are, however, other people who want that diamond, and who propose to acquire it without wasting good money upon it. These are M. le Vicomte Réné de Josselin, Lady Angela Treve, and Mr. Arthur Paraday, M.F.H., all moving among the best people, but known to the police here and on the continent as the Dauntless Three. Mr. Drax, therefore, has not only to travel to Constantinople and secure the diamond from the rascally Turk, but on his way back he will have to run the gauntlet of the Three, who apparently regard robbery with violence as quite an ordinary detail of the day's work. In the second act we see Mr. Drax in the Bazaar at Constantinople. The sinful Mangassarogli is seated serenely on a divan in the main apartment of his store. The room on one side of him is used as a kitchen; and the room on the other side is, apparently, the temporary repository of the bodies of those unfortunate people who have dissented from his standard of commercial integrity. We do not recognise Mr. Drax, played by Mr. H. V. Esmond, on his arrival as he is disguised as a wandering Arab; and a little later he appears as a Turkish dragoman.

❋

MANGASSAROGLI is quite willing to hand over the diamond in return for the cash, but he courteously explains that the precious gem will really be of little use to Mr. Drax, because anyone who has the thing in his possession is certain to be knifed as soon as he has left the Bazaar. A direct hint of this kind from one who knows naturally makes you careful. While Mr. Drax is maturing his plans for getting away with the diamond, who should stroll into the store but the two principal members of the Dauntless Three. There is a little scene of violence, in which a Chinaman with a bowstring plays a prominent part,

(Continued on page 140)

AT THE CAFÉ RICHE (DOLLY MEUSE AND HARRY SINGER)

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COMPLEXION

DORAKLEEN SKIN FOOD

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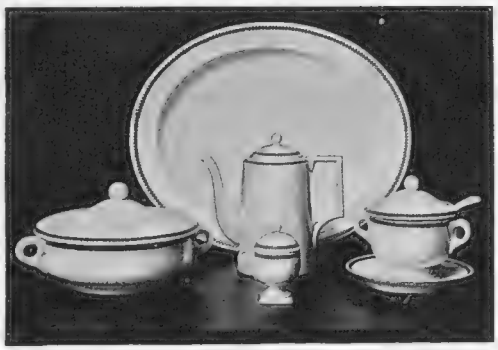

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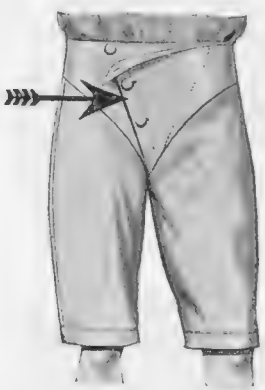

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Telegrams—"Paddywhack, London." Telephone—4628 Gerrard.

LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS (concluded from page 138)

"MR. JUBILEE DRAX" AT THE HAYMARKET

and before you can say "Knife!" as it were, the Dauntless ones have secured possession of the famous diamond and queered Mr. Jubilee Drax's pitch.

⁂

But is Mr. Drax downhearted? (Here follows the usual emphatic negative.) After all, since the diamond had to be taken away, the risk of carrying it might as well be borne by the Three as by Mr. Drax himself. All parties concerned turn up again at the Café Riche, in Paris, where a further complication ensues. Miss Bianca Bright, a lovely lady detective employed by the real owners of the diamond, has run the Dauntless Three to earth here, and has, incidentally, won Mr. Drax's young, and more or less untried, affection. As soon as Drax, in another disguise, has obtained possession of the diamond he learns that Bianca has been lured into a remote apartment of the café, and detained there as a prisoner of war by the Dauntless Three. When, after much trouble, he manages to gain access to the apartment, he finds that he, too, is a prisoner, and that his captors propose to stick at nothing in order to acquire the lovely diamond which they now know he has in his possession. They throw out dark hints that the police never interfere with anything that takes place at that café, and the position thus becomes quite ugly for the two prisoners, while the excitement is absolutely pink.

DRAX TAKES ON THE JOB OF GETTING THE DIAMOND

⁂

However, Drax gets out of the scrape all right. Trust him! And then we come to the last act, where we find the Dauntless Three really on their mettle. They talk airily about hanging people up by the thumbs, and hint at other forms of refined torture, as they arrive at Mr. Blodgett's country house in pursuit of their quarry. This time it seems as if they must get the diamond, as they have cut the telephone wires, and put out of action the motor-car bringing Mr. Blodgett's servants from London. They have also got the house surrounded in the usual manner. But, as will be conjectured, Virtue triumphs at last, and Vice is taken into custody by the local police, and is urged to go quietly in order to avoid unseemly violence. The play appears to me to be quite an excellent example of its kind; and I found it ingenious and interesting from first to last.

JINGLE

The actual bottle is Full Size — 6 to the gallon.

If you love the quiet hour

HAVE me within easy reach. I am the famous Haig & Haig bottle—when you tilt me over, into your glass will flow a rare spirit which refreshes and delights. The more capricious and cultivated your taste the higher will you esteem

Haig & Haig
Five Stars
Scots Whisky

All London is calling for me, but "Five Stars" is scarce. Only in the best clubs and restaurants and at high-class merchants am I obtainable. Go out of your way a little to get me and you will be glad you did so

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and demonstrate to your friends that your judgment in whisky is cultured.

The Government require you to pay in advance, so send your cheque for 66/- for a case of one dozen to your Wine Merchant, or

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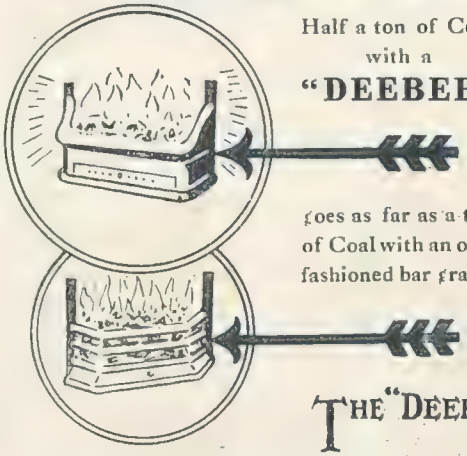

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Per Packet of Ten

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QUEEN 10½d.
SIZE

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BELLICOSITIES

THE new permission to soldiers to dispense with moustaches can hardly fail to be appreciated by men who have long grown accustomed to live in a perpetual atmosphere of "close shaves."

LORD NORTHCLIFFE is entitled to boast (of course, he never *does!*) that while he has succeeded in removing the veil of secrecy from Germany, the Huns failed to find or make any opportunity of returning the compliment by "drawing" *his* Curtin.

"FLAPPERS" whose patriotism outruns their discretion are said to be now presenting combs to young "indispensables" in Government offices and elsewhere—by way, no doubt, of goading them into a desire for a brush with the enemy.

HOUSEHOLDERS in the Hun capital are now prohibited, says the *Times*, from getting cheese direct from the producers, as they have hitherto done. This has just been *verboten*, and the postal authorities evidently intend in future to keep a Watch on the Rhind.

THE COMING STYLE IN PORTRAITURE

A well-known statesman when "looping the loop"

IN the captured diary of a Hun soldier, quoted by Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett, every entry ends with this doleful lament: "No soup again, only marmalade; it is a war of marmalade." But this, after all, is only one of the reasons why he and his comrades are increasingly disposed to cry *jam satis!*

EVERYONE must rejoice that the British subaltern is no longer compelled to wear the little bit of fluff known as a "Charlie Chaplin." Why should we give to hairy nothings a local habitation and a name?

THE Mayor of Brighton has referred to Mr. Asquith as "the man upon whom the eyes of the Empire are fixed." Waiting and seeing, of course. On him our eyes we fix, God save us all!

HERR VON BATOCKI, the German Food Dictator, recommends the destruction of all superfluous fancy dogs. This, of course, is sheer swank. Why, it's enough to give a German sausage hydrophobia!

John Pound & Co.

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Complete with BEST SILK COVER, 37/6.

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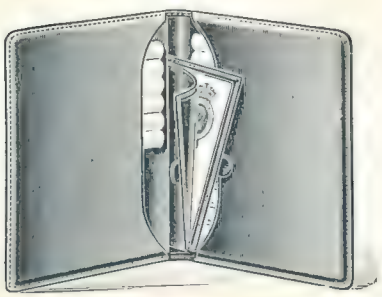

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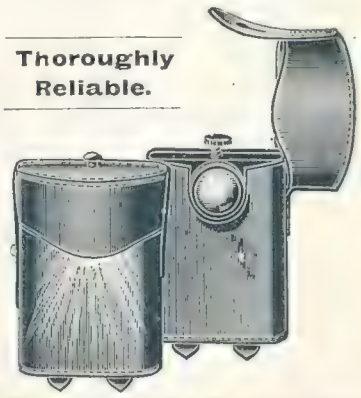

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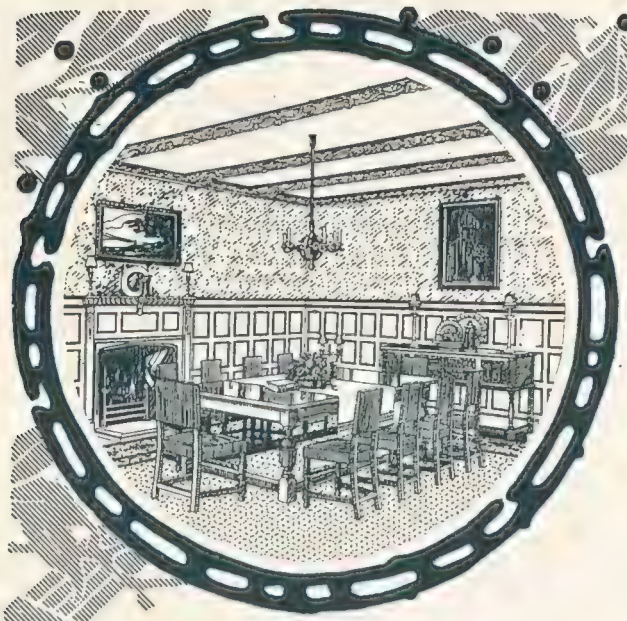

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PROVINCIAL MUSIC

LONDONERS are so fond of thinking, particularly in artistic matters, that London is England, that I should like to recommend to their notice the programmes arranged by Mr. Dan Godfrey for the Municipal Orchestra at Bournemouth this winter. For some years I lived at Bournemouth, and I know how excellent the orchestra was, how varied was its repertory. I think we traversed the whole gamut of ordinary music, and I know that I heard quite a number of standard compositions that I have never heard since.

❋ ❋

BUT from the announcement of the winter Symphony programmes I see that as regards progressive, as well as standard music, Bournemouth is equally distinguished. Mr. Dan Godfrey is going to perform a very considerable amount of Russian and—wonders will never cease!—English music. As a matter of fact, the parenthesis is quite unfair to Mr. Godfrey, because long before it became the fashion to go crusading on behalf of modern English music he used to give young English composers a hearing. Indeed, it was at Bournemouth that I first got to learn there was such a thing as modern English music, and I am glad to take this opportunity of expressing somewhat belated gratitude.

❋ ❋

ANYHOW, the fact remains that if you live at Bournemouth this winter you will hear not only more but more unfamiliar music than if you stay in London. Of course, everybody will say that Bournemouth's orchestra, being municipally supported, can afford to experiment. But I am told, though I cannot guarantee the information, that Bournemouth's music is now financially self-supporting; and in any case the London County Council might not unreasonably be asked if it cannot imitate the enterprise of its small provincial cousin. Why we unfortunates of the metropolis should always be abandoned to the tender mercies of commercialism is not by any means clear. We cannot expect a Sir Thomas Beecham to turn up every year. And I ask any lover of music who knows the facts where we should be without him.

❋ ❋

OF course, where the Bournemouth musician really scores is in the fact that there has developed in that town a public which goes to the concerts as regularly as the public here in London goes to the music-halls. In a word, music has become a matter of course; it is as much part of people's lives as roast beef on Sunday or boiled fish on Good Friday. That should be the ideal of all persons interested in music. It is precisely the lack of it that makes concert-giving in London such a risky business. Above all, conditions here make an experimental policy almost impossible. Only a "sensation" is a sure draw, and you cannot have a new musical sensation every week—thank goodness!

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whilst another has expressed his appreciation in the sketch here reproduced.

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Books of the Week

A CLEVER CANNAN NOVEL

"Mendel"

UNDOUBTEDLY Mr. Gilbert Cannan is one of our cleverest writers, and he writes so well that each new book of his is a pleasure to read. Possibly his latest, *Mendel* (Fisher Unwin: 5*s.* net), is the cleverest of all and the least pleasant. Mendel himself is a difficult person to understand. He is a Polish Jew who lives among his own people in the East End of London, and from early years paints extraordinary pictures. He is of the fiery, unreasoning type—never anything of an Englishman, always the Jew. Yet for his great friend he chooses Logan, an English painter, and he falls in love, if it can be called falling in love, with an English girl. The story of his development and of his troubles and failures and successes is undeniably interesting—you want to know what is going to happen to him, which is a good test, so far as the general reader is concerned; and yet you are more than once at a loss to know what Mr. Cannan is attempting to do.

Jew and Gentile

His book may be taken as an interpretation of the quite opposed British and Jewish temperaments, or it may be taken as an attempt to portray a man who, to coin a word, is all-artist. In either case the book is a forceful picture of Bohemian life with a gem of characterisation in Mendel's mother, Golda. The girl Morrison — she is, like her friends, rarely given her Christian name—is not too easy to understand, but, as this is a story of youth, there may possibly be a sequel, in which we shall be told more of her and the adored Mendel. The tragedy of Logan the painter is luridly described, and one or two passages suggest that Mr. Cannan is attempting to write an English *Jean Christophe*. We shall see.

Harold Chapin

One of the simplest and most poignant books for which the war has been responsible is *Soldier and Dramatist: Being the Letters of Harold Chapin, American Citizen, who died for England at Loos on September 26th*, 1915 (Lane: 3*s.* 6*d.* net). Mr. Sidney Dark writes an appreciative preface, giving you the most important facts in Chapin's short life. His letters, as I have said, are simple—just the baldest account of the things that came his way, in his capacity of a lance-corporal in the R.A.M.C. And they contain passages of real beauty just because they are so simple and unaffected. What Chapin would have done had he lived, no one, of course, can tell, but this little book forms a fitting monument, one which many dramatists of greater eminence than he might be proud to possess.

R. S.

THE "CAPTAIN"

(soliloquising)

"Men of the 5th Company Blankshires! It has always been the pride of the regiment that the men turn out for inspection as smart as any troops in the country. Lately I have noticed that the pockets bulge and give an untidy appearance. In future I must make examples of men to whom I have to complain in this respect, the exceptions being those who have in their tunics packets of those fine Cigarettes, Cavander's 'Army Club.' These men I can only compliment on their good taste.

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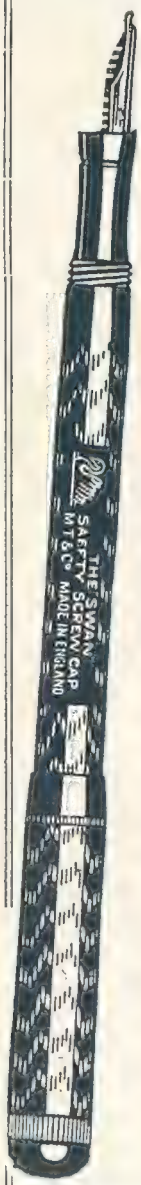

The manufacturers propose to keep faith with their customers and dealers by continuing to sell all models at the same prices as before the war.

Others have put up their pen prices about 20%, but the makers of

"SWAN" FOUNTPENS

will not inflate their profits, which at the present time would be at the expense of Soldiers and Sailors and their friends, to whom a "Swan" is almost a necessity.

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AND HOW TO OVERCOME IT.

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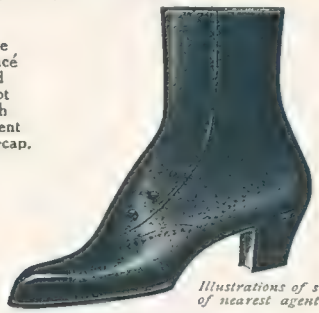
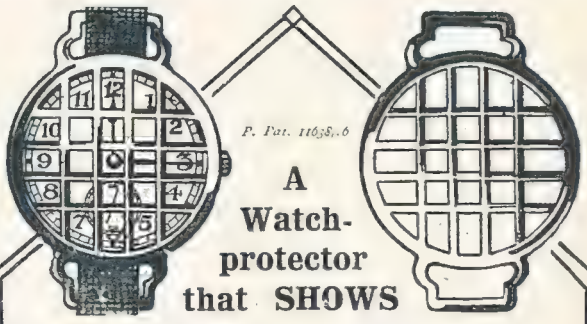
Fine Glacé Kid Boot with patent toe-cap.



Style N 112
22/6

Illustrations of styles and name of nearest agent post free from

THE NORVIC SHOE CO., NORWICH
(Howlett & White, Ltd.)



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applied to the Hands after washing will remove all Roughness and keep the Skin beautifully Soft & Smooth.

In bottles, 1/1½, from all Chemists and Stores.

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An introduction to *Pomeroy Day Cream*, a toilet preparation of surpassing excellence, which is making friends by the thousand. Send three penny stamps to cover postage and packing charges, and a dainty vase of this delightful cream will be sent free.

Pomeroy Day Cream is the *"vanishing" cream de luxe.* It is a smooth, cool, exquisitely fragrant cream which a woman can use at any time with great benefit and pleasure.

Pomeroy Day Cream

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N.B.—This offer holds good for one month only from date mentioned in coupon.

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SPAIN'S ROYAL HOUSE

The King and Queen with their six children enjoying a holiday at San Sebastian, though even there they cannot escape the ubiquitous photographer

Racing: The Cesarewitch

BY "CARBINE"

Still Going Well

"How is racing going?" I am often asked by those who cannot take a very close interest in the sport in war-time. "Very well—considering all the difficulties," I reply. Of course, everything is on a smaller scale than it used to be. Alive to the vital necessity of maintaining the breed of light horses in England, the Government has not allowed itself to be entirely swayed by those who have clamoured in the House of Commons for the complete suspension of racing during the war. Still, the powers have sanctioned a few fixtures very grudgingly, and one important result of this policy is that there are now only 2,000 horses in training as compared with double that number in 1914. Yet, in spite of all, the Turf shows enormous vitality, and every meeting this year has been successful.

Photograph *Rouch*

POMMERN'S FAREWELL

This great racehorse is expected to run his last race at Newmarket this week

Sanctum's Chance

Meanwhile, such a race as the Cesarewitch can still arouse widespread interest. For it there is a hot favourite in Sanctum, and my own opinion is that public form is of little practical value if he disappoints his backers to-day (Wednesday). If Sanctum reproduces his form in the Jockey Club Stakes three weeks ago he will not be beaten this week. Readers, however, who like a longer shot than the favourite offers might risk a little each way on REGAL.

Middle Park Plate

Pommern is to run during the week, and visitors to Newmarket should mark him well, as they will probably never see this grand horse on a racecourse again. Another attraction of the week will be the Middle Park Plate on Friday—the most important two-year-old race of the year. It is particularly interesting this time, for the two-year-old form is in a complete tangle at present. Nobody can say which is the best youngster, but this event will do much to solve the problem. Knutsford will probably redeem his reputation here, as I am convinced that his recent defeat was a fluke.

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and it will seem only half the weight if you use the new "L.B." adapter lining *(Registered)*.

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PRICE 14/- NET.

Packing in wood box and postage to the Front, **2/-**

You can fit it yourself in your own helmet.

No fastening required—Distributes weight.

Provides ventilation—Minimises concussion.

Supplied in all sizes to fit all heads.

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GETTING READY

This photograph gives an interesting picture of British cavalry cleaning up their lines. The interest with which they are getting their lance-points ready indicates that they see a chance of soon obtaining an opportunity of using them to advantage

Official photograph issued by the Press Bureau

SIX SPECIAL FUR BARGAINS

(1) Really nice quality **Seal Coney Coats,** 42 inches in length, width nearly 3 yards. Handsome Collars of Skunk Opossum ... ... **12 Gns.**

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THE DRAWING-ROOM FURNITURE in styles of Chippendale, Hepplewhite, Louis XIV., and Louis Seize, carved and gilt, also some exquisitely painted and decorated satinwood cabinets, screens, settees, chairs, tables, etc., and a quantity of Venetian mirrors, and inlaid ivory, boule and Dutch marquetry furniture, in addition to over 150 Chesterfield settees and lounge easy cairs, all being offered at less than one-third original cost.

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"Eclipse or Empire?"

You will often hear a man say, when somebody is bemoaning the unprepared state of Great Britain at the beginning of hostilities: "Well, if Germany represents the policy of efficiency, thank God we have never been efficient." But if he had thought awhile he would have spoken in rather different words. Efficiency is one thing and German Kultur another. If he were to look into the matter more closely than he is accustomed to do he would receive many nasty little shocks about his own country. He knows the old saying: Britain the workshop of the world; but is it still true? He knows that an Englishman is worth ten of those "demned foreigners" because—well, he has always been told so. But is he? And is he still doing his best to maintain the truth of that old saying?

Facts

It is to reply to such questions as these that Messrs. H. B. Gray and Samuel Turner set out boldly enough in *Eclipse or Empire?* (Nisbet: 2s. net), an uncomfortably alive book which all true patriots will welcome. In a long and intensely interesting glossary—and glossaries, be it said, are not often intensely interesting—the authors marshal an array of facts which do not tend to show us in the best of lights. In almost every branch of industrial or scientific achievement we seem to have fallen distressfully far behind other nations. Now it is America outstripping us; now it is Germany taking our ideas and, owing to the State-aid denied so often to ourselves, developing them almost out of recognition. Yet we were once the workshop of the world and still remain an inventive people!

The Remedy

There must be a remedy, and *Eclipse or Empire?* has been written with a view to showing upon what lines we should move in order to get back our one-time supremacy. Education, of course, will have to be radically altered. Business must become the romantic profession it already is in America. And science will be allowed to take its proper place in the foreground of life. The *laissez-faire* policy must be stopped for evermore.

A Stimulating Book

There will be readers of this most stimulating book who will be rather sorry that some of the suggested changes will have to come. Tradition is never wholly bad; often, indeed, it may be the most powerful asset a country possesses; but even those of us who love the old things and the old ways will be forced to accept the pitiless logic of Messrs. Gray and Turner's pages. Their book makes you think very hard indeed. Quite possibly it is the most important non-military work published since the outbreak of war.

R. S.

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THE Latest Modes *for* Autumn

Smart Styles FOR TOWN OR COUNTRY WEAR

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Pull-on Hat in rich Silk Velvet, trimmed with velvet leaves. In many charming colours **29/6**

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Jays are making a spécialité of this fashion, and their showrooms now afford a wealth of choice that gives expression to the very latest ideas. Originality of design, scrupulous good taste in the matter of trimming, and a careful attention to cut and style are the essential features that characterise the garments from the famous house of

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An exquisite Lingerie Set (as sketch) in heavy rich Crêpe de Chine, tastefully trimmed with lace insertion. Stocked in two sizes in Cream and Pink.

Camisole	15/9
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Nightdress... ...	42/-

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But the faithful interpretation of Fashion's ideals depends very materially upon correct corseting.

We are also showing *replicas* of the most exclusive Royal Worcester shapes in cheaper qualities.

New CORSET BOOK post free on request.

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SPECIAL ATTENTION IS GIVEN TO ORDERS RECEIVED BY POST.

JOHN BARKER & COMPANY, Ltd.
KENSINGTON HIGH STREET, LONDON, W.

The new Blouse Russe

Our sketch depicts the Fashionable Blouse Russe made in all pretty shades of Velveteen, trimmed with Fur & Buttons **49/6**

The same Model made in fashionable shades of Cloth, without Fur **39/6**

Peter Robinson's

OXFORD STREET

Peter Robinson Ltd.

ALPACA YARN KNITTED COATS

VERY becoming and at the same time delightfully soft and comfortable. Warm but light in weight, suitable for either indoor or outdoor wear, or for wearing under motor coats.

Fleecy Woollen Knitted Coat, as sketch, very loose open stitch. White or black ground with various coloured stripes.

Price
52/6

Catalogue post free.

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE
VERE-STREET-AND-OXFORD-STREET
LONDON-W
ALSO-AT-LEEDS-SCARBOROUGH
HARROGATE-AND-YORK

Send out for a packet to-day

and test for yourself the high quality of

St. IVEL CHEESE

·LACTIC·

'The Pride of the West Countrie'

"And a Good Judge, too"

IT is a very long time since any appointment to the Bench has been so universally approved as that of Mr. H. A. McCardie. Save, possibly, for a few "silks" who consider themselves passed over there can be hardly anyone in the legal world who does not really regard the raising of this comparatively young stuff-gownsman to a seat in the Court of King's Bench as the just reward of merit.

Photograph: Barratt
MR. JUSTICE McCARDIE

HE has had for many years a huge practice at the Junior Bar, where his legal knowledge and ability, combined with his great tact, have made him an advocate anxiously sought after by those in charge of big cases. He never "took silk," though in his case there would not have been the slightest risk in that often perilous experiment; and he, therefore, furnishes the very rare instance of a junior barrister being raised direct to the Bench.

HE has never been one of the "eloquent" counsel; but he has always been able—a far more valuable property—to impress both judges and juries with the merits of the case he is putting before them by his evident sincerity and the charm of his manner. His methods are quiet; and the more anxious and strenuous the case, the more calm and unconcerned does Mr. McCardie appear. He very, very seldom fails to get his own way; and that is because he never makes himself unpleasant. The truculent style does not appeal to him; because, being human, he knows it does not appeal to other people. Some barristers never learn this, and suffer accordingly. Mr. McCardie is one of the few who have appreciated the value of Charles Reade's motto: "Put yourself in his place"; and now he has come into his own place—a place which he will fill worthily, and, it is to be hoped, for many years to come. He will not, upon the Bench, be either a browbeater or a buffoon; nor will he assume that ignorance of common affairs which some judges pretend to, and others actually possess. The worst thing that has ever been said of Mr. McCardie is that he has a good opinion of himself; and to this objection (if it be an objection) he may—and his friends certainly will—retort that his opinion would now appear to be justified.

F. R. B.

WOOLLANDS

HATS

V.70. - Charming Velour Hat, in the same shape as our Bangkok Hat, turning up at back and trimmed with smart Cockade of Gold-edged Ribbon and edge of brim stitched Silk to match. In all beautiful colours.

PRICE
45/9

KNIGHTSBRIDGE, LONDON, S.W.

A big Economy

THE EVERYDAY MILK.

WITH Milk so dear why not try "Ideal"? IDEAL MILK is just fresh milk concentrated to the consistency of cream. Add water and you have fresh milk again, perfect for every milk purpose. Used undiluted, "Ideal" is a splendid and economical substitute for cream.

IDEAL MILK

Guaranteed Pure. No Preservative.

Sold by all Grocers and Stores.
Cash Price **4d.** *&* **7½d** *per tin.*

LIFEBUOY SOAP

ON GUARD!

LIFEBUOY SOAP is always on guard against dirt and disease. In the Bath Room, in the Living Room, in Hospital and Public Institution it is always on "Sentry go," and no germ or microbe of disease escapes its watchful vigil. All's well with those who use Lifebuoy Soap.

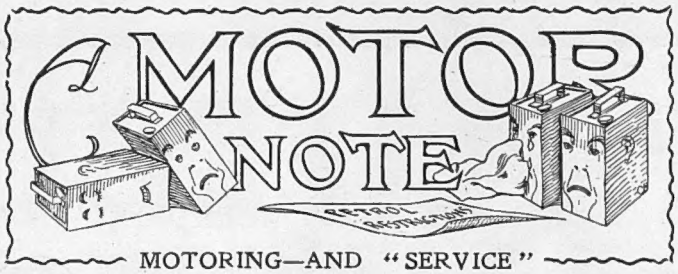
Wash face and hands with it—Bathe with it—Shampoo with it. The mild carbolic odour you note in Lifebuoy Soap is the sign of its splendid protective qualities.

MORE THAN SOAP, YET COSTS NO MORE.

Include a Tablet in your next parcel to the Fleet or Front.

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, PORT SUNLIGHT.

L 140—86



MOTORING—AND "SERVICE"

That Blessed Word "Service"

THE idea of after-service is abroad After-service means that any agent of the manufacturer of any commodity you may be using—either a car or an accessory thereto—will render you as large, ready, cheerful, and devoted an attention after you have bought the goods as he rendered while he was endeavouring to get you to buy. The idea is that *any* agent for that particular commodity will be quite as glad to see you walk in, even with a complaint, as the original agent was to see you walk in to make your original purchase. The intention is that you shall feel jolly glad you bought these goods, quite as much because of this eager, cheerful after-service, as of the utility inherent in the goods themselves.

***

Much Cry, Little Wool

THAT is quite a pretty idea, and if the manufacturers would only work out a scheme by which it could be given practical expression, it would be splendid. But it is all "bunkum" for a manufacturer to talk of after-service (in his advertisements) when he has done nothing (except talk) to organise that after-service. If, to deal with a comparatively small thing, my speedometer goes wrong and I drop in upon one of the agents who supply that brand of speedometer, I should be able at once to get whatever was wrong rectified, a spare part produced and fitted at a scheduled charge—for labour by a scheduled rate per hour, and for the replacement by a catalogued price. If the defective part was a fault of the manufacturer and was covered by guarantee I ought to be able at once to recover my expenditure by application to the manufacturer, whose scheme should provide for the return by the agent of the defective part with a full report by him thereon. Or, if that speedometer had run out of, or for any other reason was not covered by, a guarantee, the repair should be done at the same scheduled charge and the report made by the agent-repairer if he was of the opinion that it was a manufacturing fault.

***

Certain Responsibilities

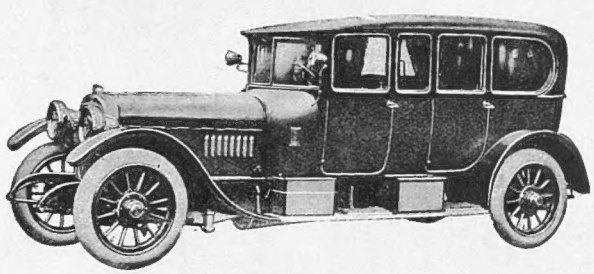
DO we get that, or anything like that? We do not. Four times out of five spare parts are not carried by the agents, charges are not scheduled, and you can get as good, and sometimes a deuced sight better, service, at the shop of a good repairer who is *not* an agent for this particular commodity as you can from the agent himself. Hardly one guarantee is worth its printing space. Defective parts, admittedly such on the report of the manufacturer's own expert, are only remedied on condition the owner pays carriage both ways and covers the cost of fitting the replacement; whereas, by all the laws of right dealing, it is a direct obligation on the manufacturer, where the fact of defect in his goods is not in question, to supply the parts and pay for their installation and the carriage thereon.

***

Good Business

WE have hardly gone past the stage of talking about "service." The word rolls nicely round the tongue. It reads well in advertisements. It is an excellent and tight-hauled drumskin whereon the publicity department may bang with noble reverberations. But it means little or nothing. Yet it might mean a very considerable deal for the manufacturer, his goods, his organisation, and his agents' pockets. Properly done, it would represent just the largest advertisement the firm concerned ever

(*Continued on page 160*)



6-CYLINDER SUNBEAM SALOON CARRIAGE.

THE SUPREME

SUNBEAM

When the entire engineering resources of the nation are being devoted to producing munitions, the fact of a firm being contractors to the Admiralty or War Office is not necessarily a mark of distinction. That depends wholly on the nature of the munition supply. From the commencement of the war the Sunbeam Company's activities have been devoted to supplying the British and Allied Governments with cars, ambulances, and Sunbeam-Coatalen aircraft engines—all exclusively evolved by the firm's costly, elaborate and lengthy experimental work.

THE SUNBEAM MOTOR CAR COMPANY, LTD., WOLVERHAMPTON.

Manchester: 112, Deansgate

Agents for Cars for London and District: J. Keele, Ltd., 72, New Bond Street, W.

Dunlop Tyres are fitted to Sunbeam Cars as standard.

MOST GRATIFYING!

Dunlop: "Really, it is most gratifying. Everything you have just said about these tyres of yours only confirms the evidence I've gathered in person and by letter all along the Front.

How do I sum it all up? Well, in this way I think. That the abnormal stress of active service conditions has demonstrated the wide margin of superiority Dunlops possess over other tyres."

DUNLOP

RUBBER COMPANY, LTD.,

Founders of the Pneumatic Tyre Industry.

ASTON CROSS, BIRMINGHAM,

OF ALL MOTOR AGENTS.

Trade Mark.

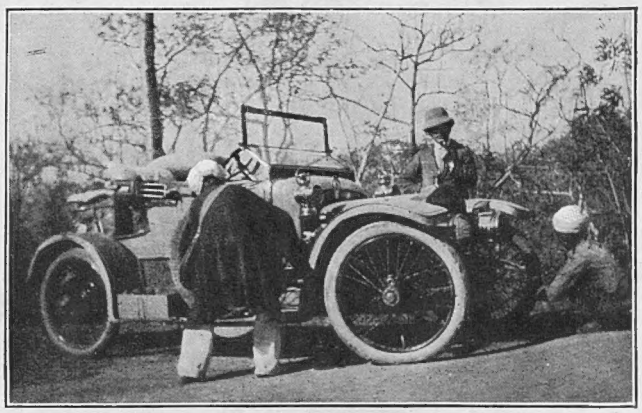
MOTORING (*concluded from page* 158)

had, and it would, all round, cost very much less than the best advertisement cost.

* * *

A Chance for the M.T.A.

IT seems to me that here is an opportunity for the young Motor Trade Association to get really busy. It tells us to look out for the M.T.A. sign and to pass by the agency that displays it not. It tells us the M.T.A. sign covers the good agent only, and I daresay, if we make adequate reservations, that is so. But if a good agent merely means a man or a firm who (or which) recognises the essential virtues of trade organisation, that is not sufficient to warrant the interest of the private motorist. It is no use asking the private motorist to assist a trade organisation to make itself strong unless you can offer said private motorist an appreciable reason why he should help. There are, as I have several times pointed out, quite a number of reasons for the interest of the motorist in the M.T.A., but all these put together would not weigh so heavily as the concentration by the M.T.A. upon a really efficient after-service organisation.



15,000 MILES OF IND.

A Straker-Squire that has had 15,000 miles of Indian roads without overhaul—a tribute to S.-S. stability and service

A First-Class Condition

THAT, *inter alia*, seems to suggest that no agent could qualify for membership of the M.T.A. who did not carry an adequate supply of spare parts for all the vehicles and accessories he handled, and had adequate facilities for repairs; and that no manufacturer could qualify for membership who did not make the provision of these facilities a condition of an agency appointment. I do not know whether the M.T.A. is strong enough to insist upon these things—we shall see. I only observe that the M.T.A. was strong enough not to veto the proposed second-hand car and motor-cycle show; although I grant you that was before the older trade society, for some reason or other, *did* veto it and threaten its members with the penalties of the "Bond" if they exhibited. We shall now see if the challenge of the parent trade body will be accepted. Meanwhile I hope the offspring will really attempt to tackle this "service" problem.

ALEX. J. M. GRAY

C.A.V. ACCUMULATORS are specially constructed to withstand vibration, and are proof against buckling even under the severest strain. C.A.V. batteries represent the last word in current storage.
C. A. VANDERVELL & Co., Ltd., Acton, W.

HOBSON PLUGS (British made) are being supplied in large numbers to the Allies for use in the Mechanical Transport section and for Aeroplane engines.—Illustrated leaflet with description of types from H. M. HOBSON, Ltd., 29, Vauxhall Bdg. Rd., S.W.

MARVELLOUS ECONOMY IN LIGHTING.—Half your Petrol Saved and a better light by having Spensers' Patent Duplex Carburettor fixed to your lighting generator (works with motor petrol).—For particulars apply to SPENSERS, Ltd., 53b, South Molton St., W.

Naval Officers and the "A.-S." Service

Smartness of appearance is characteristic of all Naval men, and long before the War Naval Officers appreciated the advantages of having their Uniforms scientifically cleaned and pressed in the famous "Achille Serre Way." The charge for treating a civilian's suit (complete) is only **3/9** (plus less than 10 per cent. War Increase), and the charges for Naval Uniforms are in proportion.

Write for List.

R.N.V.R.
(No. 5)

EXPLANATION OF RANK MARKS.

The narrow "wavy" gold stripes worn by Officers in the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve correspond with the plain stripes of the Royal Navy and the twisted stripes of the Royal Naval Reserve, viz.:—"Sub-Lieut." (one stripe); "Lieut." (two stripes); "Commander" (three stripes); and "Captain" (four stripes). Medical and Accountants' Branches are denoted by omitting the "executive curl," and substituting red and white edging, respectively, as in the Royal Navy. There is no Engineer Branch in the R.N.V.R.

Keep this till series is complete.

Achille Serre Ltd
Head Office:
Hackney Wick, London
Branches & Agencies Everywhere

D 128

"SERVICE"—the most abused word in the motorist's vocabulary—finds a real meaning in the Warland Dual (quick-tyre-change) Rims. No tyre levers or tired feeling. No nipped tubes. Just quick service—and economy. A real boon to lady drivers.

WARLAND DUAL RIM CO., LTD.
ASTON, BIRMINGHAM,
111, Gt. Portland Street, London.